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"Murdering an Aunt or Two": Textual Practice and Narrative Form in Virginia Woolf's Metropolitan Market

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As evidence for the multiple connections between the commercial and intellectual freedoms provided by the Hogarth Press for its co-owner and leading author, consider a diary entry from September 1925:

> How my hand writing goes down hill! Another sacrifice to the Hogarth Press. Yet what I owe the Hogarth Press is barely paid by the whole of my handwriting. . . . I’m the only woman in England free to write what I like. The others must be thinking of series’ & editors. Yesterday I heard from Harcourt Brace that Mrs. D & C.R. are selling 148 & 73 weekly—Isn’t that a surprising rate for the 4th month? Doesn’t it portend a bathroom & a w.c. either here, or Southease? (*D* 3: 42-43)

Virginia Woolf was free to write what she liked because of her books’ sales in the UK and the US, and, simultaneously, because no editor (with the very occasional exception of Leonard) interfered with her authorial choices.[1] As this passage shows as well, Woolf’s royalties represented more mundane freedoms—a bathroom renovation portended by the American sales of *Mrs. Dalloway* and the first *Common Reader*, and two years later the Woolfs’ first car, financed by the sales of *To the Lighthouse*.

More significantly, the Hogarth Press functioned as a professional sphere in which Woolf’s work as writer, editor, and publisher overlapped and intersected. While most scholars have emphasized the importance of the Press in Woolf’s authorial development, or more occasionally, as an emotional respite provided by the act of setting type by hand, few have actually considered

Woolf herself as an editor and publisher.[2] But thanks to the Press, Woolf could not only write what she liked, she and Leonard could also publish her books as they liked and shape the list within which they would appear in Britain. Finally, the publishing choices Leonard and Virginia made, especially once Hogarth shifted from its handpress origins to its more commercial horizons in the later 1920s and through the 1930s, generated further freedoms for Woolf the author. The extraordinary sales (by Hogarth standards) of Vita Sackville-West's *The Edwardians* (1930), or of C. H. B. Kitchin's murder mystery *Death of My Aunt* (1929), coincided with Woolf's own commercial successes in *Orlando* and *A Room of One's Own*, and directly preceded her most experimental (and least accessible) publication, *The Waves*.[3] As Lee Erickson concludes, "literature is materially and economically embedded in the reality of the publishing marketplace" (8). While most authors work with and/or against their publishers in an effort to attain the "momentary equilibrium between the aspirations of writers and the desires of their audiences" (Erickson 8), Woolf as her own publisher was uniquely positioned to adapt her books' forms and dissemination to a keen sense of her British and American audiences.

Against this historical backdrop, I explore the relationship between textual practice and narrative form in Woolf's career, asking how her experiences as an editor and publisher shaped the kinds of texts she produced as an author, and how her search for authorial freedom informed her practices as a publisher. That is, my approach to Virginia Woolf and the literary marketplace takes up that relationship both through Woolf the self-published author and through Woolf the editor and co-publisher of many other significant modernist texts. This approach asks questions about how Woolf responded as an author to the desires of the British reading public, and how she helped "set the field," in George Bornstein's terms, of modern fiction in Britain and beyond

during the 1920s and 1930s, "both by deciding what works came to the public and by determining the form in which those works appeared" ("Editing Matters" 2).

After offering a more extensive survey of Woolf's work as a publisher, I focus specifically on an example of Woolf representing textual production, both as an author and as a self-publisher, asking why in *A Room of One's Own* Woolf's narrator represents her economic and intellectual freedom not as the result of her professional income, but instead as the legacy of an aunt who "died by a fall from her horse when she was riding out to take the air in Bombay" (37). This comment, along with the *Room* narrator's remarks about passing a "very fine Negress" have been the subject of much critical commentary; Jane Marcus insists, for example, that the reference to British imperialism is a "conscious move on Virginia Woolf's part" to demonstrate that the room of one's own "has been bought with blood money" (*Hearts* 42). I see this issue as more complicated, or rather differently complicated, than Marcus, for not only is Woolf here signaling her own inevitable implication in the colonialist system, but she is doing so by masking Hogarth's commercial success, which by 1929 was generating for her considerably more than £500 a year. Reading *Room* along these lines demonstrates the important ways in which Woolf's methods of modernist textual production are always expressive across and through her authorial and editorial roles.

Reading Virginia Woolf as a Publisher

Woolf worked not as an author isolated from textual production but as one immersed in what she once called "life on tap down here whenever it flags upstairs" (*D* 4: 63), an elegant reminder that 52 Tavistock Square housed both the creative and business spaces for the Woolfs. From her early work setting type by hand for Hogarth publications to her later, prodigious labors as a de facto fiction editor, Woolf made myriad material contributions to the development of the Press from a

coterie imprint designed for the Woolfs and their friends to an established, more or less mainstream firm. As Hogarth's fiction editor, Woolf helped usher into print more than fifty novels and short story collections between 1917 and 1938, when John Lehmann bought out her share of the firm. As J. H. Willis notes, "the number of fiction and poetry manuscripts submitted each month no doubt far exceeded the total in all other genres, so that Virginia's contribution to the press as reader was enormous" (370).[4] The Hogarth list during this period included Woolf's own major contributions to modernism as well as such notable texts as: Katherine Mansfield's *The Prelude*, F. M. Mayor's *The Rector's Daughter*, William Plomer's *Turbott Wolfe* and *The Case Is Altered*, Italo Svevo's *The Hoax*, Vita Sackville-West's *The Edwardians* and *All Passion Spent*, John Hampson's *Saturday Night at the Greyhound*, and Christopher Isherwood's *The Memorial* and Berlin stories. Even more powerfully than T. S. Eliot at Faber & Faber, I would argue, the Woolfs influenced the course of British modernist fiction, opening Hogarth and its readers to a variety of literary perspectives outside the mainstream: Russian fiction by I. A. Bunin and Yuri Olesha, attacks on South African racism by Plomer and Laurens van der Post, Continental modernism from Svevo, homosexual narratives by Plomer and Isherwood, a working-class story by Hampson, and feminist satires by Sackville-West and Julia Strachey.

Leonard reviewed every submission, including fiction, and produced almost all of Hogarth's correspondence with its prospective authors. This arrangement has often created the impression that Virginia generally served more as a reader than as an actual editor, simply approving or rejecting submissions rather than providing more specific critiques. Hermione Lee, for example, calls Hogarth's "editorial acumen (mostly, but not entirely, Leonard's)," while acknowledging that Virginia's "taste, her decisions, and her influence are part" of Hogarth's history, even if she "was not the Press's main editor" (367). But a lack of historical evidence does not necessarily

support this conclusion; it seems entirely reasonable to conclude that Leonard's letters combined his own and Virginia's responses to manuscripts under consideration. As Catherine Hollis suggests, we should consider the Press as a deeply collaborative enterprise. Not only should we understand Woolf as a socialized author then, but also as a socialized *editor*.[5] All Hogarth books read "Published by Leonard & Virginia Woolf at the Hogarth Press," a literal description of their mutual endeavor.[6]

In addition, Virginia occasionally consulted with Leonard and Lehmann about advertising, as a 1927 diary note indicates: "here L. comes in & we spend fifteen minutes discussing advertisements. The L. [*To the Lighthouse*] has sold 2,200 & we are reprinting" (*D* 3: 136). Woolf's business contributions sometimes extended to packaging and shipping as well, as with Sackville-West's *Family History* in 1932 and her own *Orlando*. Of the latter, Richard Kennedy recalls that "Mrs W is a pretty fast worker considering she's not a professional like Miss Belcher and myself" (56). Similarly, Lehmann writes that when "a book boomed and orders were heavy, [Woolf] would often join Miss Belsher, Miss Strachan and Miss Walton in the front office, doing up parcels. Young authors, coming in to leave a precious manuscript and dreaming of encountering the famous author, would never suspect that they were actually in her presence as the drab figure in the gray overalls busied herself with scissors and string" (17). The Woolfs also did much of their own book traveling until 1938, without even hiring part-time employees for this job during the Press's first ten years. In each of these ways Woolf was intimately involved in the business of the Press.

Woolf, then, was uniquely positioned among modernist authors to negotiate the creative and commercial sides of the literary marketplace, what Laura Marcus terms Woolf's "way of negotiating the terms of literary publicity, and a space somewhere between the private, the

coterie, and the public sphere" (145). We might also consider such divisions in terms of the relationship between ideology and aesthetics, the modern form of which Terry Eagleton famously considers "an eminently contradictory phenomenon" (3). In Eagleton's account, art becomes autonomous from the "cognitive, ethical, and political" spheres, "curiously enough, by being *integrated* into the capitalist mode of production. When art becomes a commodity, it is released from its traditional social functions within church, court and state into the anonymous freedom of the market place. . . . It is 'independent' because it has been swallowed up by commodity production" (368). Thus the "real historical complexity" (9) of the relationship between cultural production and bourgeois ideology becomes for Eagleton the nexus for examining how aesthetic autonomy can both reinforce and subvert ideological limitations on a subjectivity freed from late capitalist systems.

In her various roles as a reviewer and journalist for popular periodicals, as a typesetter and publisher for a Bloomsbury coterie press, and as a traveler, editor, and co-owner of a firm that had become by the late 1920s "more or less ordinary publishers," in Leonard's words (qtd. in Rosenbaum 7), Woolf negotiated the intersection of the ideological and the aesthetic at every turn. Consider a September 1925 letter to Sackville-West, in which Woolf defends her decision to contribute to Dorothy Todd's British edition of *Vogue*: "And whats the objection to whoring after Todd? Better whore, I think, than honestly and timidly and coolly and respectably copulate with the Times Lit. Sup." (*L* 3: 200). As Woolf's sexual metaphors suggest, there is little meaningful difference (especially for a modernist woman writer, generally blocked from the publishing industry's economic power) between *Vogue* and *TLS*. In Eagleton's terms, we see equal possibilities of ideological reinforcement and subversion from both periodicals; both are equally integrated within the capitalist means of production.

Sackville-West was certainly an appropriate recipient for such a letter, given her own career shifts between such experimental works as *Seducers in Ecuador* (1924) and such openly commercial works as *Pepita* (1937). The cultural dynamics of the marketplace take center stage in a 1927 letter to Woolf, in which Sackville-West describes an anonymous Hogarth customer carrying *To the Lighthouse* along a London street:

> She was an unknown woman,—up from the country, I should think, . . . and as the policeman held me up with his white glove I saw your name staring at me, Virginia Woolf, against the moving red buses, in Vanessa [Bell's] paraph of lettering. Then as I stayed there . . . I got an intense dizzying vision of you . . . writing those words which that woman was carrying home to read. How had she got the book? Had she stalked in, . . . and said "I want To the Lighthouse"? or had she strayed idly up to the counter and said "I want a novel please, to read in the train,—a new novel,—anything'll do"? Anyhow, there it was, one of the eight thousand, in the hands of the Public. (217-18)

Sackville-West's contrast between the intensity of Woolf's private creation and the indiscriminate desires of the "Public" expresses the modernist dilemma of establishing a popular audience for experimental literature. *To the Lighthouse* is both a novel and an art object here, with its "paraph of lettering" created by Woolf's sister and post-Impressionist painter. Yet Sackville-West fears that it may become instead a disposable commodity, an accessory for modernized mass transport with no aesthetic value. In fact, Woolf's career as writer and publisher is always crossing back and forth along such a private/public line, never settling into a stable divide but always oscillating between such ostensible distinctions.

Woolf herself often echoes Sackville-West's sentiments, as in her well-known remark in the introduction to the Modern Library's 1928 edition of *Mrs. Dalloway*: "once a book is printed and

published it ceases to be the property of the author; he commits it to the care of other people… " (v). Similarly, she worried frequently about being labeled "one of our leading female novelists" (*D* 2: 107), and felt anxious (in a letter to Stephen Spender) that "in the Years I wanted to catch the general readers attention: perhaps I did this too much" (*L* 6: 123). Yet Woolf displays ample evidence in *Room*, *Three Guineas*, and throughout her fiction of her deep awareness that modernist women writers could *only* develop cultural authority through an active engagement with popular audiences. Even while Miss La Trobe, Woolf's final figure of the woman artist, yearns to write a play "without an audience" and "scribble[s] in the margin of her manuscript: 'I am the slave of my audience'" (180, 211), she nevertheless hears the first words of her next play while surrounded by villagers in a pub (212), a point made even more explicitly in the *Pointz Hall* typescript, in which Woolf describes the playwright in the "breeding ground, among the very dull . . . tunneling and foraging her way to that culmination" (177). As Jennifer Wicke observes, "the production of writing for the modern woman writer is tied inextricably to the procedures of consumption" (129).[8]

Perhaps more than any other modernist, then, Woolf was deeply aware of the interconnectedness of the aesthetic and commercial realms. As she concludes in the draft version of *Room*, "You may accuse me of laying too much stress on / Money. [but] You can only have [intellectual?] freedom / if you have money. & / And you can only write if you have unbroken freedom" (179). (In an interesting rhetorical softening, "money" becomes "material things" in the published *Room*.) Such a link between "money" and "freedom" is especially evident in a November 1928 advertisement for *Orlando*, with a blurb from Arnold Bennett, of all reviewers: "You cannot keep your end up at a London dinner party in these weeks unless you have read Mrs. Virginia Woolf's *Orlando*" (*Orlando*). While Woolf the author famously uses Bennett as a

foil for her diagnosis of Edwardian fiction, Woolf the publisher capitalizes on his praise to market the new "biography" by "Mrs. Woolf."

Such marketing strategies also represent the dual feminist goals advanced by Woolf in both her professional roles. While as an author she could famously remark, "Call me Mary Beton, Mary Seton, or by any name you please," as a publisher she was marketing "Virginia Woolf" as a brand name, in an effort to avoid the business mistakes for which she criticizes Jane Austen and others in *Room*. Only as author *and* publisher, that is, could Woolf revise the aesthetic and commercial roles available to modernist women writers.[9]

"This Almost Unknown Aunt": *A Room of One's Own* and *Empire*

A Room of One's Own, with its mix of fictionalized personae, historical research, and political polemic, perhaps most clearly illustrates the aesthetic and ideological value of Woolf's blurred genres. Woolf's sharp critique of patriarchy's historical legacy "sold more rapidly than anything else Woolf had written," with print runs exceeding 12,000 copies between October and December 1929, not to mention a "startling run" of 100,000 copies when *Room* first appeared in a Penguin edition in 1945 (Briggs, *Inner Life* 235). By 1929 Woolf was a well-established figure in the British literary marketplace, especially on the heels of *To the Lighthouse* and the very popular *Orlando*, and with Hogarth's Uniform Series of her works launched that autumn. Beginning in December 1928, the Hogarth advertising logo became a wolf's head (designed by E. McKnight Kauffer), a device which, Willis notes, showed that Leonard "had learned the value of advertising the producer as well as the product" (377). The wolf's head device signals as well Virginia's cultural and economic capital at this time, especially in Hogarth ads for her own works. Hogarth's publishing practice for *Room* itself also reflected Woolf's market position, as the press issued both a special £2.2 edition, limited to 100 copies and signed by the author, and a

regular 5s edition. Such accessibility featured in a March 1930 ad trumpeting the book's 12,000th copy in print, with a blurb from *The Listener*—"It is consoling, in a world of expensive shams and nostrums, to reflect that the book only costs 5s.!"—that guarantees *Room*'s genuineness, interestingly, as a function of its inexpensiveness. By 1929, Hogarth had expanded significantly from its original husband-and-wife team to seven employees. In a diary entry from that year, Woolf reflects, "I think with pride that 7 people depend, largely, upon my hand writing on a sheet of paper. That is of course a great solace & pride to me. Its not scribbling; its keeping 7 people fed and housed. . . . [T]hey live on my words" (*D* 3: 221).

Given the importance of the Press to Woolf's own career and to the "intellectual freedom" that *Room* celebrates, and given the economic power created by Woolf as a writer and publisher, enough for seven workers to "live on [her] words," why then does *Room* keep the Press insistently in the shadows? And further, why does Woolf's narrator substitute, at the point in her history when some version of the Press should appear, an accident of history, a legacy left by an aunt "for no other reason than that I share her name" (37)? As Christine Froula notes, this Indian inheritance "plainly implicates [Woolf's] cherished freedom in racialized imperialist exploitation," which seems "all the more puzzling when we remember that Woolf had helped Leonard research" *Empire and Commerce in Africa* (31), a treatise that identifies the European exploitation of Africa as an outgrowth of unceasing capitalist expansion, while calling ultimately for a European "social revolution" (361). Along these lines, we can see *Room* as engaged in a modernist self-critique through the figure of the narrator's aunt, as part of what Elleke Boehmer calls modernism's "intrinsic expression of an anxiously imperial world, surveying the breaking apart of trusted cultural certainties and the emergence of new, mixed and muddled identities" (108). Writing and publishing herself from a metropolitan perspective, Woolf brings colonialism

"home" to European modernism through the aunt's legacy, by her striking metaphorization of her own metropolitan and globalized profits.

Despite its coterie origins a decade earlier, the Hogarth Press was by 1929 an internationally recognized imprint. Indeed, by 1924 William Plomer knew enough of the Woolfs' publications that he could declare them, as a 21-year-old living in Zululand, "nearer the heart of things than any other publisher in London" (qtd. in Willis 128).[10] Hogarth did not sell directly to the colonies, along the lines of Macmillan's Colonial Library series, but it did bring colonial fiction into the British market, as with Plomer's *Turbott Wolfe* and, later, Laurens van der Post's *In a Province*. Willis notes that by 1929 the Woolfs had made arrangements for distribution in Canada, and by 1936 had retained agents in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa (392)—not to mention, of course, Woolf's American publications through Harcourt Brace from 1921 on.[11] While locally metropolitan in its origins, then, the Hogarth Press was international in its reach, part of what Sara Blair identifies as Bloomsbury's ability to become "global in its resonances, a site of cultural contact and contestation where both canonical high modernisms and an emergent anticolonial modernism take shape" (814).

Such paradoxes in publishing practice are also reflected in Woolf's narrative representations of the Empire, which shift from what Gayatri Spivak calls the "functionally witless India of *Mrs. Dalloway*" (131) to "Thunder and Wembley," her essay on the 1924 Empire Exhibition that imagines a fantastic storm ridding the world of all vestiges of colonialism. Woolf's metaphorical use of an Indian legacy in *Room*, then, functions as part of a larger pattern of a modernist English uneasiness with Empire, which is at the same time implicated very much within a metropolitan perspective.[12] The Anglo-Indian aunt's legacy in *Room*, which the narrator calls "the power of my purse to breed ten-shilling notes automatically" (37), seems on its surface to substitute

colonial investment returns as a direct cause for the "intellectual freedom" made possible by £500 annually. This passage as a whole refers tellingly to Woolf's earlier career, as the narrator explains that prior to her inheritance, "I had made my living by cadging odd jobs from the newspapers, by reporting a donkey show here or a wedding there; I had earned a few pounds by addressing envelopes, reading to old ladies, making artificial flowers, teaching the alphabet to small children in a kindergarten" (37). Obviously this sentence proceeds quickly into farce, but Woolf's journalistic income had in fact surpassed her profits from the Press in its early years. Woolf herself had earned £500 a year only beginning in 1926, and not until 1928 "did the larger part of her income come from her books" (Lee 549).

Woolf takes care to emphasize the geographical location of Mary Beton at her death in the published version of *Room*, revising the manuscript version's reference to—"an Aunt who died ~~from~~ by a fall from her horse, when she was riding out to take the air in Bombay" (57)—to read in the published book, "My aunt, Mary Beton, I must tell you, died by a fall from her horse when she was riding out to take the air in Bombay" (37). The addition of the phrase "I must tell you" signals the published text's emphasis on the particularly colonialist context of the *Room* narrator's £500. The narrator insists on her seemingly self-perpetuating legacy as originating in a capitalist system predicated on the fantasy of "abstract labor," which in turn is rendered doubly abstract by its location so far outside the exchange of ostensibly metropolitan commodities. From this perspective Woolf's well-known claim that, thanks to the Hogarth Press, she was "the only woman in England free to write what I like" transfers that sentence's usual emphasis on Woolf as a woman writer (and woman editor, woman publisher) to a woman *in England*.

The curious substitution of an Indian inheritance for the actual source of Woolf's income recalls another surprising switch in Woolf's narratives, the collapse of the *bildungsroman*

structure in *The Voyage Out*. As Jed Esty has argued, *The Voyage Out*'s location in South America creates important links between "the colonial setting and the development of Woolf's modernist style" (81), as a shift away from traditional novelistic representations of time and subject illustrate a "symbolic split . . . between the insular nation (a culture proper to the *bildungsroman*'s allegory of development) and the imperial state (a culture-diluting unit whose spatiotemporal coordinates did not conform to realist or *national-historical* time)" (75, original emphasis). In this vein we might see the metaphorization of Woolf's Hogarth Press income as an Anglo-Indian legacy as performing a similar kind of symbolic substitution. Rather than figuring her economic independence as the result of teleological progress along the lines of a *bildungsroman*'s protagonist, Woolf's narrator in *Room* emphasizes the arbitrary nature of her inherited income, which occurs "for no other reason than that I share her name." That is, Mary Beton's will effectively arrests a narrative of professional progress we would ordinarily ascribe to the speaker of a text like *Room*, locating the narrator's current financial comfort not as the fruits of her literary work but as an accident of family history, and in the horrors of colonial history.[13] Woolf certainly did not see her own commercial success as accidental, even if she retained qualms about her popular audience throughout her career, but by figuring her narrator's £500 in *Room* as accidentally yet inescapably imperialist, she compels her readers to confront the colonialist presence at the heart of London's metropolitan consciousness.

Jane Marcus famously reads this passage as insisting that Woolf's room "has been bought with blood money. The English woman reader is reminded of her fall, the imperialist historical sin committed by her ancestress collecting butterflies in India or cataloging orchids in Africa, which funds the Edwardian freedom to write" (*Hearts* 42). But this passage also puts at stake the idea that the Hogarth Press itself constitutes a kind of "blood money," as the principle of substitution

would conflate the actual, submerged source of Woolf's income with the fictionalized version she presents in *Room*.[14] As Kathy J. Phillips observes, "Woolf herself has to acknowledge a kinship with that rider in Bombay" (xxxix), as evidenced by her use of "Mary Beton" among the string of pseudonyms she asks her readers to call her. In a passage that disappears from the published version of *Room*, though, Woolf simultaneously acknowledges and dissolves that kinship, exhorting her readers to free themselves to write new kinds of fiction by violently disowning their family histories. Woolf writes in the Fitzwilliam manuscript: "All this leads me ~~to~~ quite selfishly, to ask you {to murder an Aunt or two;} by hook or by crook to possess ~~yourselves of~~ yourselves, even if it comes to murdering an Aunt or two, of sufficient money to ~~sit down look at the~~ <explore> world ~~for~~ <a room of your own so that> ~~with your own eyes & to say~~ for yourselves; and to say without fear of furuor what you think of it" (168-69).[15] Similarly, Woolf's notes for the text's conclusion read: "But more is needed. Aunts must be killed" (179). This violent rhetoric disappears from the pages of the published *Room*, part of a broader tendency to produce a palimpsest between manuscript and print editions, so that, as Brenda R. Silver writes, "What was once perceived as the single, integral work—the published novel—becomes multiple, intertextual" (206).

In this case that palimpsest, the collection of "the words that are both there and not there on Woolf's pages" (Silver 195), includes both the manuscript fantasy of murdering aunts as well as the submerged reference to Woolf's Press income which that metaphor, and its deleted print version, replace. The ultimate effect of this doubled absence, I would argue, is to create a kind of Möbius strip connecting the Hogarth Press and British imperialism, so that, read through the fluid text of *A Room of One's Own* and *Women & Fiction*, the two terms are inseparable.[16] As Silver concludes, "Once we are aware of the manuscript versions and their alternate readings, it

becomes impossible, except by a willed act of commitment to a particular interpretative stance, not to be conscious of their presence within the 'final' text" (194). Given the brand-name recognition she had developed for herself through the Hogarth Press, enough by 1929 to advertise *Room* with the Press's wolf's-head logo, Woolf could certainly have expected her readers to recognize the absence of the Press in her fictionalized explanation of her £500. By doubly distancing herself from the Hogarth Press in *Room*, first by metaphorical substitution and then by canceled metaphorical murder, Woolf the self-published author retains the Press as an absent referent of the "blood money" on which women's intellectual freedom depends, at the same time that she signed 100 copies of the book's limited edition for sale at several times the regular price. Thus Woolf's representation of the literary market in *Room*, and of the global, colonialist market of which the metropolitan London book readership was inevitably a part, finally portrays Woolf, the Hogarth Press, and India all as part of a complex, inextricable system.

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[1] The obvious exception to this statement is the posthumous decision made by Leonard Woolf and John Lehmann to publish Woolf's unfinished manuscript *Pointz Hall* as *Between the Acts*. See Briggs, *Inner Life* 390-94, and Mark Hussey's introduction to his forthcoming Cambridge edition.

[2] For an especially illuminating examination of the ways in which Woolf's work on the handpress could inform her own approaches to modernist textuality, see Briggs's essay on Hope Mirrlees's *Paris*, published by Hogarth in 1920 (*Reading* 80-95).

[3] *The Edwardians* became the "all-time Hogarth Press best-seller" (Willis 266). While not in the same category, *Death of My Aunt*, Willis notes, "made money and made Kitchin's reputation" (159). *The Years* was by far Woolf's best-seller during her lifetime, ranking sixth on the American list for 1937, behind Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with the Wind* but ahead of John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* (Willis 290).

[4] The burden of reviewing unsolicited novels is the source of Woolf's most frequent complaints about the Press (*L* 4: 23), and her (and Leonard's) periodic considerations to close the firm.

[5] The idea of authorship as an inherently social process, which entails viewing the author as always working with editors, printers, publishers, readers, etc., in the process of textual production, originates in the work of McGann and McKenzie.

[6] While Virginia "must have written some letters" to prospective authors, Willis notes, "none of them seem to have survived" (370).

[7] For much more extensive examinations of Woolf's contributions to *Vogue*, see Garrity.

[8] See also Whitworth on this point, though I would argue that the control of textual production is even more crucial than he recognizes.

[9] I have adapted some of the material in the conclusion of this section from my "Virginia Woolf's Publishing Archive."

[10] For a more extensive discussion of Plomer's career with the Woolfs, see my "William Plomer, Transnational Modernism, and the Hogarth Press," in *Leonard and Virginia Woolf, the Hogarth Press, and the Networks of Modernism*, ed. Helen Southworth (forthcoming).

[11] The Hogarth files at Reading also include a letter from Leonard to Plomer, offering him a position as Hogarth's traveler while he lived in Japan in the mid-1920s, an offer he declined.

[12] For more extensive connections between Woolf and colonialism, see especially Boehmer, Esty, McVicker, and Phillips.

[13] As Kathy J. Phillips notes, Woolf had herself inherited £2500 in 1909, from an aunt whose father was Sir James Stephen, an abolitionist who served as Under Secretary for the Colonies (xxxviii–xxxix). See also Marcus, *Hearts* 82-85.

[14] For another rejoinder to Marcus's argument, see Froula 30-32.

[15] In this transcription, words enclosed in carats (as in <explore>) are insertions, words crossed through are cancellations, and words enclosed in brackets (as in {to murder}) are bracketed by Woolf.

[16] On the idea of a fluid text, see Bryant.

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